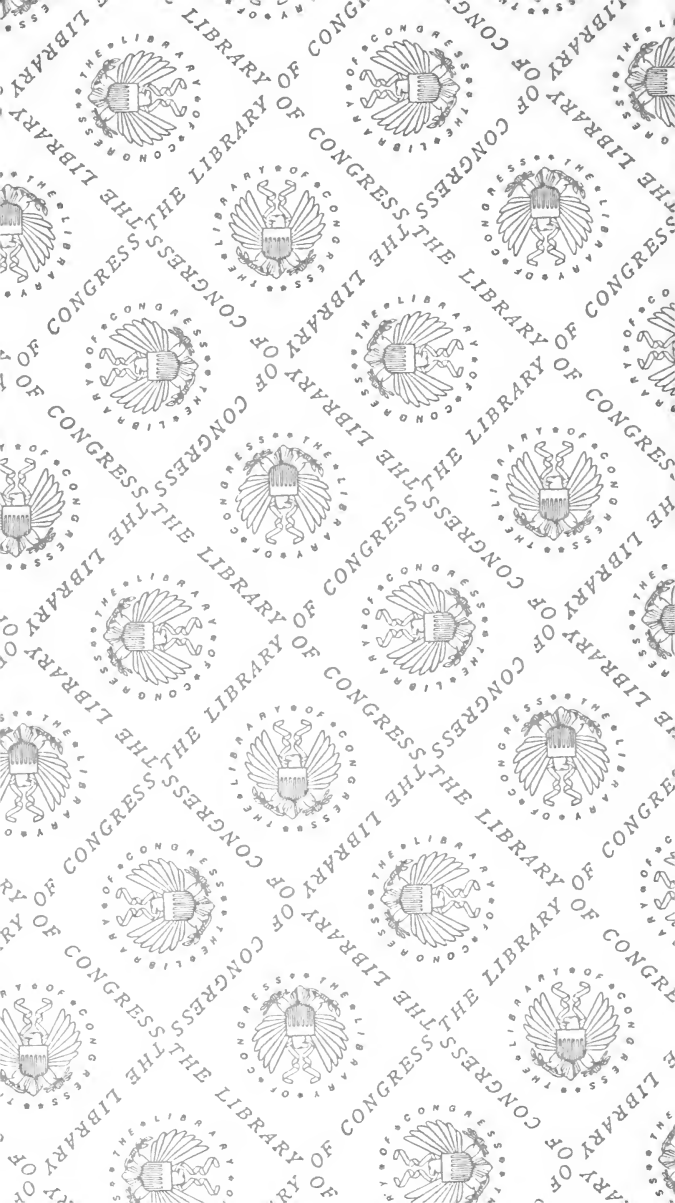
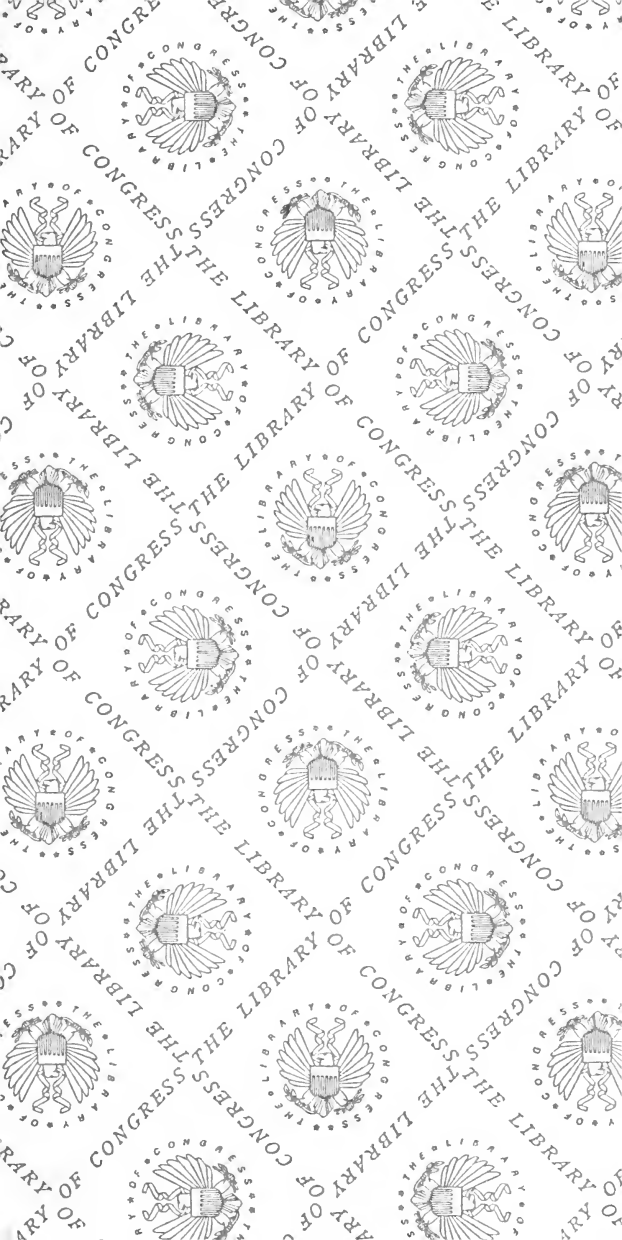


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1823











*Hilliard*  
**WAR,**

---

**A Poem,**

---

**IN THREE PARTS.**

---

**BY SAMUEL WEBBER, M. D.**

---

**CAMBRIDGE:**

**PRINTED BY HILLIARD AND METCALF.**

**1823.**





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# ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE subscriber gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following Poem, as a valuable present from its respected author. He causes it to be published in the belief that it is well adapted to promote the object of Peace Societies, not only on account of its excellent sentiments happily expressed, but as furnishing an example, which others may be induced to imitate—that of employing poetical powers for the advancement of peace, and the abolition of war.

NOAH WORCESTER.

605163

FEB 17 1941

## PREFACE.

WAR has been for agés the theme of poets ; they have delighted to expatiate on its dangers and its triumphs ; they have celebrated the glory of victory, the toils and achievements of the conqueror, and have not suffered the valour and fortitude of the vanquished to pass unnoticed or unpraised. Amid its scenes they have found the materials of splendid description, and its vicissitudes have afforded them opportunities of displaying their powers of captivating the attention, of awakening the imagination, and rousing the passions.

But in the glow of fancy and the ardour of inspiration, poets seem in general to have forgotten that they were men, and, in modern times, not only that they were men, but that they were christians ; that they bore the name of disciples of him, whose character was the very reverse of the character of those whom they celebrated as heroes, and for whose renown

they lavishly exerted those powers which heaven assigned as a blessing, but which from their perversion have become a curse.

This censure may at first appear harsh, but will lose its severity if we consider for a moment how greatly man in every condition is influenced by the desire of praise. From the monarch to the slave, all pursue renown in some way or other, and every pathway that leads to eminence is trodden by multitudes. However much we may exult in the praises of our contemporaries, still there is something within us, that forbids the aspiring mind to be satisfied with a glory commensurate with our earthly existence; something that prompts us to obtain a reputation that will survive us; a wish that our names may be remembered with honour, when our bodies shall have mouldered into dust. Every effect must correspond to its cause, and as historians and poets, the chief dispensers of earthly renown, chose in the earliest times to devote their choicest powers to the task of immortalizing the fame of the warrior, those who sought for glory sought to obtain it by military prowess. Their deeds and the example of preceding poets induced those that followed to a repetition of praise, and the stream of glory has rolled on

for ages, an unbroken torrent of splendid atrocity. The golden waters of fame have flowed over the field of battle, dazzling the eye with the brightness of their surface, and hiding in their bosom the horrors and sufferings, at whose nakedness both Nature and Reason recoil.

That this should still be the case, notwithstanding the wide dissemination of that religion, whose great doctrine is peace and good will on earth, is truly deplorable; and to those who know how early in life the mind receives a bias from education, it ought to be a subject of serious inquiry, why, while with our lips we profess ourselves followers of Christ, the actions, which we most love to celebrate and glory in performing, should be like those of the heathens, whose most powerful deities were but their own evil passions personified.

At this time great endeavours are making to awaken men to a sense of their error, to cause them to see how widely they are wandering from the path of duty, and to excite them to a cultivation of that peace, which their common origin and ultimate destination, in addition to the commands of religion, so powerfully recommend. Wishing to contribute his assistance, though feeble, to the promotion of so

Then let them weep that they have poured  
Their homage to his shrine, and blind  
In frantic folly have adored  
The fellest scourge of human kind.

Then let them tune their lyres again,  
And sing of *murder's* deeds no more ;  
Or silent thenceforth be their strain,  
And hushed their harps forever more.



## Part First.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Appearance of a beautiful country village on a summer's morning. State of the same village at sunset, having been plundered and burnt by a party of the enemy during a combat. Sufferings of the inhabitants. Address to the Supreme Being. Can it be possible that war is sanctioned by his approbation. That it is not, appears from the curse pronounced upon Cain, and from Christ's coming upon earth to preach Peace. Shortness of life. The many ties that bind man to it. War inimical to all these. A soldier's departure for the army. His return. His forlorn condition. War excites a desire of martial glory, and tends to destroy the finer feelings. A widowed mother left by her only son who goes to the army. Exultation of the populace upon receiving the news of a victory. The mother's grief for the death of her son. Her lamentation.*

---

FAR in the east the parting shades display  
The golden waves, that crest the flood of day ;  
The morning star, the herald of the sun,  
With waning glory owns his task is done,  
Veils his bright face before his sovereign's blaze,  
Fades and is lost amid the kindling rays.  
The earliest beams are on the mountain's brow,

And tip with gold the forest's topmost bough ;  
 Still on the plain the light is soft and pale,  
 And fleecy vapours shroud the sinking vale ;  
 At length they break, and on the hill's green side  
 Melting to air, unfold the prospect wide ;  
 Heaven's azure vault with warmth and brightness glow  
 And earth's fair fields their freshest charms disclose.  
 Scarce has the eye a lovelier scene surveyed,  
 Than that, which blooms in beauty o'er the glade ;  
 The village hamlet and its busy train  
 From rest to cheerful labour waked again.  
 On many a cot the orient sun-beams fall,  
 And kiss the vine that mantles o'er its wall.  
 The gales of morn, soft breathing from the west  
 O'er the broad cornfield's undulating breast,  
 Shake the green spires, within whose buds repose  
 The future treasures of the Autumn's close ;  
 And Hope, with Plenty's golden horn in hand,  
 Waves her bright locks illuming all the land ;  
 The joyful peasants at their labour smile  
 O'er visions fair, that weary toil beguile,  
 And maid and matron 'neath the rustic dome  
 Prepare the comforts of their frugal home.  
 The voice of childhood mingles with the breeze,  
 From the gay group beneath the bending trees,  
 Or rambling o'er the dewy meadows wide,  
 Or winding streamlet's flower-enamelled side,  
 Whose limpid waters, sparkling in the sun,  
 Seem with delight their varied course to run.

The sun has almost done his race, and now  
 Slow sinks to rest behind the mountain's brow ;  
 His setting rays are on that valley still,

Whose beauty charmed him on his eastern hill ;  
 But ah ! how changed is all that smiling scene,  
 For there stern War's destroying hand has been.  
 The village homes are gone, and on the plain  
 But black and smouldering ruins now remain ;  
 The shadowing elm, that waved its branches high,  
 Scorched by the flames, stands blasted in the sky ;  
 The smiling fields in devastation spread,  
 And all the harvest's promised joys are fled ;  
 The charger's hoof the velvet sward has crushed,  
 As fierce the horseman to the combat rushed ;  
 The limped stream now rolls a turbid tide,  
 Darkened with mud, with crimson deeply died ;  
 Its gurgling waters sadly seem to moan,  
 And hoarsely mingle with the dying groan,  
 That from its corse-strewn banks the wounded send,  
 As nature's sufferings find a painful end.  
 Where are the inmates of this once sweet spot ?  
 They too have felt war's desolating lot.  
 The lifeless form, near where once stood the door,  
 Tells that its owner's joys and pains are o'er ;  
 Vainly he dared to wage unequal strife,  
 To guard his daughters and protect his wife ;  
 O'er his pale corse the wretched widow stands,  
 And wrings in agony of soul her hands,  
 Of pitying heaven implores the final doom,  
 And asks from grief a refuge in the tomb.  
 There too, cut off in youth's fresh opening pride,  
 His virgin daughter near her sire has died,  
 Her drooping head is on his shoulder placed,  
 Her slender arms are folded round his waist ;  
 The rose has fled her cheek, and in its place

Death's livid hue is settled on her face,  
 On her mild eyes night's endless shadows rest,  
 And marble rigour binds her snowy breast.  
 Yet timely fled her gentle soul away,  
 E're brutal lust had soiled its mortal clay.  
 Not so yon hapless girl, who yet prolongs  
 A life made hateful by recountless wrongs ;  
 Loathing herself she sits in dumb despair,  
 And tearless rolls her eyeballs' burning glare.  
 Ah ! what can now her happiness restore,  
 And give the purity she knew before !  
 The morn of life has lost its sunny ray,  
 And clouds shall darken all the cheerless day ;  
 The opening bud of virgin bloom is reft,  
 And withered, cankered leaves alone are left.

The sun has sought the chambers of the west,  
 And left the toiling, weary world to rest ;  
 The breeze of evening through the valley sighs,  
 And night's damp vapours from the stream arise.  
 Where now are those whom war has left to roam,  
 Without a shelter, from their ruined home ?  
 The cold, hard earth must be their restless bed,  
 And dews of midnight mantle round each head.  
 The orphan child, left friendless and forlorn,  
 Wakes not to jocund life with opening morn ;  
 The sleep of death his languid eyes has sealed,  
 And life's warm stream is in its fount congealed.\*

Eternal God ! to whom belongs above  
 The glorious attribute of boundless love,  
 That never wearies, but is still the same ;  
 Father of life ! from whom our being came ;

\* And life's warm current to its fountain froze.—*Campbell*.

Oh ! why does man, in whom alone we find  
 His Maker's image, an immortal mind,  
 Heedless of him from whom these mercies flow,  
 Thus violate the laws of love below ?  
 Stained with his fellow's blood before thee stand,  
 Nor wake the thunder sleeping in thy hand ?  
 Does thy approval wait upon the deed,  
 When by each other's hands thy creatures bleed ?  
 Ah ! no ; thy laws with words of love replete,  
 By Mercy's angel written at thy feet,  
 Forbid the strife ; let earth the mandate hear,  
 And warring nations tremble and revere.

When infant hatred in the breast of man  
 To rouse his stormy passions first began,  
 When first the shuddering earth received the stain  
 Of human slaughter, from the hand of Cain,  
 Then from the heavens the voice of judgment broke,  
 And Nature trembled as her Maker spoke ;  
 ' What hast thou done, O Cain ! thy brother's blood  
 ' Cries from the earth that drank the sanguine flood ;  
 ' Henceforth to thee accursed shall be the soil,  
 ' And shall not yield its fulness to thy toil,  
 ' And I will set upon thy form a brand,  
 ' To stay the avenger's blood-requiring hand.'  
 Such was the doom that spoke the wrath of God,  
 When the first murderer sought the land of Nod.  
 Fearful he fled, but ever since unfurled  
 War's crimson flag has waved o'er all the world ;  
 And still with man have spread to every shore  
 The seeds of strife the exile with him bore ;  
 On every plain the iron crop has stood,  
 And every soil been drunk with human blood.

Long from the ways of love man's children strayed,  
 And bloody, savage deities obeyed ;  
 Rapine and Discord long in triumph reigned  
 O'er altars proud, with human slaughter stained,  
 And Peace, an outcast from the haunts of men,  
 Sought hermit-shelter in the forest den ;  
 When God, in pity to their folly blind,  
 Sent Christ on earth to teach and save mankind.  
 The Saviour came, then heavenly music rang,  
 And hymns of joy celestial minstrels sang.  
 As shepherds watched their flocks at midnight still,  
 They heard the sound from Zion's holy hill ;  
 On liquid notes the words of gladness ran,  
 ' Henceforth on earth be peace, good will to man.'  
 The son of God no conquering terrors wore,  
 No palm of victory on his forehead bore,  
 Lowly in speech and garb ; persuasion mild  
 Spoke in his words and on his features smiled ;  
 Love unalloyed in every action shone,  
 And peace and mercy breathed in every tone.  
 These too he taught, and bade his followers cease  
 From strife, and with their brethren live in peace,  
 To sheathe the sword long dyed in hostile gore,  
 And thirst for victory and revenge no more.  
 What in his words he taught, his deeds displayed,  
 And gave example's power in precept's aid.  
 Though oft reviled, he ne'er with anger burned,  
 Nor wrathful words to railing tongues returned ;  
 When doomed to die upon the shameful tree,  
 When scoffers bowed in mockery the knee,  
 And hailed him King ; with thorny chaplet crowned,  
 Torn with the scourge, and like a felon bound,

Meek he submitted to their impious hands,  
 Nor called destruction on the guilty bands ;  
 Though but a word had brought the winged flame,  
 And swept from earth their nation and their name.

What is the life of man ! the lightning's gleam,  
 The ray that sparkles on the rippling stream,  
 The cloud's light shadow flitting o'er the plain,  
 That only comes and straight is gone again ;  
 Yet in this span of time what scenes arise !  
 How are we linked to earth with countless ties ;  
 How many fond affections fill the heart,  
 From which it grieves us but in thought to part.  
 How many cares our every hour employ,  
 That call to sorrow some, and some to joy !  
 Yet not a tie that binds us to the earth,  
 No wish or thought, that gives to pleasure birth,  
 No soft affection in our bosoms borne,  
 But finds from savage war a cause to mourn.

When the shrill trumpet through the land is blown,  
 To battle rousing with its brazen tone,  
 How many hearts the thrill of fear confess !  
 On the sad soul what dark forebodings press !  
 The village mansion sees its honoured lord  
 Depart, to wield in foreign lands the sword ;  
 The weeping child to his fond parent clings,  
 Her arms the wife around her husband flings,  
 And while the tears roll down her pallid cheeks,  
 With sorrow choked, in faltering accents speaks ;  
 ' Dost thou now go ? can nought a respite yield  
 ' From the stern call, that bids thee to the field ?  
 ' Must thou now leave thy wife and babes, afar  
 ' To tread the stormy scenes of toil and war ?

' Alas ! what depth of suffering may await  
 ' Thy precious life, our unprotected state !  
 ' The toilsome march by day, the feverish bed,  
 ' On the damp earth in cold and darkness spread,  
 ' The failing water and the scanty food,  
 ' Purchased with danger and repaid with blood,  
 ' Must be thy lot ; doomed too besides to wage  
 ' Relentless strife, and dare the battle's rage.  
 ' What if disease with poisonous breath should come,  
 ' While thou art far from friendship and from home !  
 ' Ah ! who shall then the restless couch be nigh,  
 ' To give that aid which gold can never buy ;  
 ' With ceaseless care to mitigate thy pain,  
 ' And calm the fever of thy burning brain ;  
 ' With fond solicitude each pang remove,  
 ' And pour o'er all thy woes the balm of love ;  
 ' Charm every sad desponding thought away,  
 ' And bid bright Hope her visions fair display !  
 ' Alas ! some stranger's mercenary aid,  
 ' Careless and cold, with hard-earned wealth repaid,  
 ' Without concern shall watch thy feeble breath  
 ' Revive in life, or cease at last in death.

' What sad imaginations will be mine !  
 ' How my fond heart with hope deferred shall pine,  
 ' Uncertain of thy fate, while lingering hours  
 ' No tidings bring to cheer our lonely bowers ;  
 ' How full of fears, how long the time will be,  
 ' While thou, my love, art distant far from me !  
 ' Thy much loved babes shall mourn their absent sire,  
 ' And watch to see thee come with fond desire.  
 ' But should'st thou fall, oh ! heaven, avert the blow !  
 ' Who then shall soothe their keen and heartfelt woe !



' For brief will be thy widow's wretched lot,  
 ' Whose former joys are fled, but not forgot ;  
 ' And but a little while the scene will last,  
 ' Ere death confound the present and the past.'

The mourner ceased, for spurning all control  
 The flood of grief came rushing o'er her soul ;  
 Speechless she sank upon her husband's breast,  
 And short oblivion gave her sorrows rest.

With anguish torn he gives a last embrace,  
 And prints a kiss upon her senseless face ;  
 The trumpet sounds, forbidding all delay,  
 And he must hasten at the call away ;  
 Sadly he goes and many a heartfelt sigh  
 Breathes to the gale that heedless passes by.

Long years have rolled o'er all the changing scene,  
 What form moves feebly o'er the village green ?  
 Slowly he now has reached yon rising ground,  
 From which the view commands the scene around ;  
 Why does he start, as if conviction brought  
 Home to his heart some agonizing thought.  
 His trembling limbs his frame no longer bear,  
 And sad he falls in anguish of despair.

Approach more near and mark that shattered frame ;  
 How many marks the soldier's lot proclaim !  
 His better hand is lopt, the faulchion's blow  
 Those deep-seamed scars upon his forehead show ;  
 Some wounding ball has made him seek, in aid  
 To prop his steps, the crutch beside him laid.

The village crowd are gathered round the place,  
 And scan with anxious gaze his altered face ;  
 Ah ! it is he ; is this thy wretched fate,  
 Thus to return, and thus return so late !

Long since has love itself believed thee dead,  
 And many a tear has o'er thy fall been shed.  
 How dark a tale thy sufferings afford !  
 A tale of sickness, famine, and the sword ;  
 'Tis not the lapse of years has made thee strange,  
 Wounds and captivity have wrought the change ;  
 Pain and the rigours of a foreign clime  
 Have far outstripped the steady hand of time.

His former friends their ready aid supply,  
 And bear the wanderer to a shelter nigh,  
 Here, with returning consciousness, returns  
 Grief without hope, a fire that slowly burns,  
 Consuming inwardly, and ceaseless preys  
 On the sad heart remembering happier days.  
 When the first speechless trance is past away,  
 And calmer thoughts resume their wonted sway,  
 Sadly he questions of the things that are,  
 And all the changes from what once they were ;  
 Each dark vicissitude he longs to hear,  
 That blighted hopes his bosom held so dear ;  
 Though every thought is full of pain, his mind  
 Still clinging to the friends he left behind,  
 Seeks to explore their loss, and pierce the cloud,  
 That o'er departed pleasures casts its shroud.

Sad was the tale, the picture but too true,  
 That, ere he bade farewell, his partner drew.  
 Months rolled away, no tidings came to cheer,  
 Support her hopes or drive away her fear,  
 Within her anxious breast to whisper peace,  
 And bid her spirit's darksome musings cease ;  
 Corroding cares her health impaired at length,  
 And sickness gave to Sorrow's arm new strength ;

Twice on his home Death's shaft relentless fell,  
 Of both his babes was heard the funeral knell ;  
 The mother to sustain no sire was near,  
 To soothe her sorrows o'er her children's bier,  
 On God's paternal love to fix her trust,  
 And share the load that weighed her to the dust.  
 Ah, where was he ! perhaps e'en then his blade  
 Childless like her some wretched mother made ;  
 Or spent with toil beneath superiour might,  
 He fell a victim in unholy fight,  
 And, with his sins unshrived, and red with blood,  
 His trembling soul before his Maker stood.  
 But soon report the fatal tidings bore,  
 And told the wife her husband was no more ;  
 Then was filled up the measure of her woe,  
 And nature sank beneath the dreadful blow ;  
 A quick release kind heaven in mercy gave,  
 And earth received her in her children's grave.

What to the soldier now can joy impart,  
 And staunch the bleeding of his broken heart !  
 Does Fame his glory from her trumpet spread  
 And Victory bind her wreath around his head ?  
 The sounds fall idly on his palsied ear,  
 For those are gone whom most he wished should hear ;  
 The laurel's barren leaf around his brow  
 Awakes no glow of exultation now ;  
 Those eyes are closed, which would with joy behold,  
 The hearts, that would exult in death are cold.  
 Almost as cold as they is now his own,  
 On the world's wild forsaken and alone,  
 While Want and Pain life's lingering footsteps urge,  
 And Memory ceaseless plies her thorny scourge.

Oh ! what is fame, when happiness is fled,  
But empty flattery to the senseless dead !

Bane of domestic bliss ! what ills await  
Upon thy will, dark minister of fate !  
When Youth's full pulses throb, and courage high  
Swells in the heart, and sparkles in the eye,  
When thirst of glory sets the soul on fire,  
And kindling hope is roused by wild desire,  
On Fame's bright pinions borne, to soar sublime,  
And wrest a garland from the hand of Time,  
Thou bidst him follow thee, and tread the path  
To Glory's temple through the vale of Wrath ;  
Though unseen dangers lurk on every side,  
Boldly to tread with Valour for his guide,  
Cast from his heart affection's slavish thrall,  
And break through every tie at Glory's call.  
In vain a mother's tears her son would move  
Untouched alike by pity or by love ;  
He hears in vain that tender voice dissuade,  
Whose slightest wish was once with joy obeyed,  
Hardens his heart 'gainst nature's gentle force,  
And stifles every feeling of remorse ;  
Flies from his home, and leaves her there to weep  
O'er filial thanklessness in sorrow deep.

Slow move the hours within her saddened hall,  
No more on flowers Time's noiseless footsteps fall,  
Each moment brings its thorn throughout the day,  
And sleepless anguish wears the night away.

Tidings are come at last, the shades of night  
Gleam with long lines of brightly sparkling light,  
'The tapered windows send abroad their rays,  
And crowded streets grow wanton in the blaze.

The thundering cannons gratulation pour,  
 And shouts of triumph swell the deafening roar,  
 For conquest purchased by the blood of those,  
 Whose dying valour triumphed o'er their foes.

Turn from the exultation wild, and mark  
 The weeping mother in her chamber dark ;  
 To her the light is hateful, for her pride,  
 Her darling son, amid the battle died.

As through the chambers, echoing from without,  
 Resounds the multitude's rejoicing shout,  
 Tears stream afresh, and sorrow unrepent  
 Almost to bursting swells the loaded breast.

' My son ! ' she cries, when passion finds a vent,  
 And grief's first speechless agony is spent,

' My son is gone ! These eyes no more shall see

' My only son return again to me.

' Oh ! dreadful thought ! these arms shall clasp no more

' Him whom in infancy so oft they bore ;

' Ah ! little did I think, when first I prest

' Thy infant beauty to a mother's breast,

' That this should be my lot, to mourn in pain

' The loss of thee in war untimely slain ;

' That I should thus survive, bereft of all,

' In utter hopelessness to weep thy fall.

' When righteous God, to check my too fond love,

' Called my dear partner to the realms above,

' Through night's long hours constrained to wake and  
 weep,

' How did I gaze upon thy cradled sleep !

' How oft, how fondly, did I love to trace

' Thy father's features in thy smiling face !

' Though torn with anguish, consolation find,

' Thankful to heaven that thou wert left behind.  
 ' How did my widowed heart with joy revive,  
 ' When in the son the father seemed to live,  
 ' As through swift rolling years the hand of Time  
 ' Led thee from childhood into youth's fresh prime ;  
 ' How beautiful ! how brave ! Alas ! too brave ;  
 ' Thy valour swept thee onward to the grave,  
 ' Lured thee from me, ah ! never more to show  
 ' That filial love, my only joy below.  
 ' Far from thy home thy mangled body lies,  
 ' Without a friend to close thy filmed eyes,  
 ' To pay the last sad rites to friendship dear,  
 ' And bend in sorrow o'er thy lowly bier.  
 ' My days will now be sad, and shadows dun  
 ' Shall veil in darkness life's fast sinking sun ;  
 ' My silver hairs in sorrow shall descend  
 ' To the cold grave, all nature's destined end,  
 ' Where tears shall cease, this throbbing heart be still,  
 ' And anguish lose in senselessness its thrill.

END OF PART FIRST.

## Part Second.

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### ARGUMENT.

*The delusive glitter of success hides from the mind the horrors of the combat. The dreadful sounds and sights that a field of battle presents. The vast destruction of human lives. Scene after the contest is ended. The sudden extinction in death of human powers and feelings. Neglect of the rites of sepulture to those who fall in battle. Moonlight night upon a spot where a battle has been fought the day previous. Eliza and Henry. Buonaparte's invasion of Russia. Arrival at Moscow. Burning of the city. Story of Paulowna. Buonaparte's retreat. Misery that attended it.*

---

WHAT potent charms in Glory's name are found ?  
What magic mingles in an empty sound !  
That thus can make war's murderous game appear  
More worthy choice than purer pleasures near ;  
Thus 'gainst the pleas of love the breast can steel,  
And stifle pangs that nature else would feel ;  
Hide all the horrors from the dazzled sight,  
And cast o'er fields of blood a vapour bright,  
That gilds the terrors of the dreadful plain,  
And mocks the distant eye with splendours vain.  
O ye ! that sigh for palms in battle won,  
Stained with the tears of those by war undone,  
Whose sight is blinded by the meteor glare

Of garlands floating in the tainted air,  
 Let Truth's unwavering ray your vision clear,  
 With nature see, with nature learn to hear.  
 What dreadful sounds the voice of battle swell,  
 Wild Horror's shriek and Discord's maddening yell ;  
 The gun's report resounding long and loud,  
 Like thunder pealing from the bursting cloud,  
 The rattling drum, the shrill and piercing fife,  
 The trumpet stirring to the eager strife,  
 The bayonet's clash where bristling fronts unite  
 And struggling files are met in closing fight,  
 The steed's shrill neigh and trampling loud and deep,  
 As onward to the charge the horsemen sweep ;  
 The broad sword ringing on the helmet's guard,  
 Or met by answering blade in ready ward,  
 The shouts of conquest and the groans of pain,  
 The fearful shriek that begs for life in vain,  
 The laugh of brutal hate, the dying prayer,  
 Sighs, oaths, and execrations, all are there.

What ghastly sights in long succession rise !  
 A world of horror bursting on our eyes.  
 Amid the rolling smoke, half seen, half lost,  
 Plumes, pennons, arms, in wild disorder tost.  
 Here fiercely sweeps along the horsemen's charge,  
 And cleaves through hostile ranks an opening large ;  
 Trampled alike beneath the charger's tread  
 Lie friend and foe, the dying and the dead.  
 A headless trunk is here, a severed hand  
 That still convulsive grasps a shattered brand,  
 There rolls a head with fixed and glazing eye,  
 And lips yet parted with the last drawn sigh ;  
 Here lies a dying steed upon the heath ;



His crushed and mangled rider lies beneath.  
 On many a breast has trod the armed heel,  
 The work completing of the failing steel :  
 While more in writhing torture yet survive,  
 Bruised, gashed, and bleeding, helpless, but alive ;  
 Doomed still to linger, still in pain to lie,  
 And hope and fear, and wish and dread to die.  
 Turn where the cannon's crashing thunders sound  
 With vollied peals that shake the solid ground,  
 Where clouds of sulphurous smoke obscure the air,  
 And livid lightnings flash with horrid glare.  
 There fate's dark angel waves his sable plumes,  
 And deadly war a deadlier shape assumes.  
 No single death attends the powerful hall,  
 But mangled ranks in wild disorder fall.  
 The shattered lines still close upon the slain  
 And hasten onward to the charge again ;  
 Files after files are strown in death, as fast  
 As withered leaves before November's blast.

When the fell work of human rage is done,  
 The combat ended and the victory won ;  
 When all the sounds of fiery fight are o'er,  
 The trumpet's clangour hushed and cannon's roar ;  
 When slowly rolling on the freshening blast  
 The murky vapours of the strife are past ;  
 Tread we the scene where, scattered far and wide,  
 Lie strown the broken tools of wrath and pride,  
 With which Ambition builds her fabric high,  
 Like Babel's turrets soaring to the sky,  
 Like those the architect's vain hopes to foil,  
 And mock the builders with their useless toil.

How vast the wreck ! mere lifeless forms of clay,  
 Cold as the sod unwarmed by summer's ray,  
 Are those who late were living men ; the blood,  
 That through life's channels poured its bounding flood,  
 Gave strength and motion to the buoyant frame,  
 The heart its feeling, and the soul its flame,  
 From many a ruptured vein profusely shed,  
 In curdling pools o'er all the plain is spread.  
 Slow as the ebbing current left the breast,  
 The vital powers their failing strength confest ;  
 Slow o'er the fainting heart crept languor chill,  
 It heaved convulsive, fluttered, and was still.  
 Cold and unstrung is now the active limb,  
 Pallid the cheek, the eyeball glazed and dim ;  
 Chill, clammy sweat is mantling on the brow,  
 That wore command and dignity till now ;  
 Mute are the lips where eloquence abode,  
 Where wisdom's words in honied accents flowed ;  
 Hushed is the tongue, whose silver sounds could bind  
 Persuasion's chains around the unwilling mind ;  
 Cold is the heart that love and friendship felt,  
 Where holy Truth and gentle feelings dwelt.  
 Its Maker's image from the form is flown,  
 And sad mortality is left alone ;  
 Doomed by the mighty power, which gave it birth,  
 Again to mingle with its native earth.  
 No holy requiem o'er the grave is said,  
 No consecrated turf above them laid.  
 Lured by the putrid steams that taint the air,  
 Foul birds of prey the mangled corse shall tear ;  
 The wolf shall here his midnight banquet hold,  
 To batten on the noble and the bold.

Their flesh shall blacken in the noontide heat,  
 The storms of heaven upon their bodies beat,  
 And rolling years their scattered bones shall find,  
 Washed by the rain and whitened in the wind ;  
 The fearful stubble left upon the plain,  
 Where Death has reaped the harvest of the slain.

The moon is up and sheds a feeble light  
 O'er the sad relics of the recent fight,  
 And all is still, except at distance heard  
 The dismal wailings of some nightly bird ;  
 Or from some wounded sufferer bleeding near  
 The hollow groan of anguish strikes the ear,  
 As night's chill air awakes a keener smart,  
 And hope of aid is sinking in his heart.

Cold is the moon's still ray, as if it came  
 From worlds that felt not passion's angry flame,  
 While yet the spot of recent slaughter seems  
 To mock the quiet of her sleeping beams.  
 There Ruin broods o'er Fury's work, and Hate  
 Has widely swung the wasting scythe of fate ;  
 All that remains serves only to declare  
 That rage, revenge, and rout were lately there.  
 The morn awakened many a warrior brave,  
 Whose sleep is now the slumber of the grave.  
 He that last evening marked the full-orbed moon,  
 And thought to see its waning glory soon,  
 Beholds it not, for dark and rayless night  
 Has thrown its shadows o'er the orb of sight.  
 On broken spear, and sword, and shattered mail  
 All dimmed with blood, glimmers the radiance pale,  
 And gives each livid face a ghastlier hue,  
 As damp it glistens in the evening dew.

What white-robed form moves slowly o'er the plain,  
 Like spectre flitting o'er the untimely slain !  
 See, now it stops and bends it o'er the dead,  
 Now back recoils as struck with sudden dread,  
 Now listening stands, as if to catch some sound  
 Of lingering life among the corpses round,  
 Then hurries on, as some remembered tone  
 Came mingling with the deep and dying groan.  
 Ah ! sad Eliza ! dost thou wander here  
 To seek in pain or death thy Henry dear ?  
 This morn he left thee, when the rolling drum  
 Called to the field, and bade thy soldier come.  
 In haste, he lingered yet to breathe once more  
 The vows of tender love oft breathed before,  
 To calm thy troubled, sinking heart, and dry  
 The startling tear, that trembled in thine eye.  
 His own too glistened and his faltering tongue  
 Well nigh betrayed his manhood's pride unstrung.  
 Though light he spake in scorn of danger near,  
 And strove with tender guile to soothe thy fear,  
 And gaily bade thee twine the laurel's leaf  
 To crown his brows returned from contest brief ;  
 Yet love's keen glance saw through the thin disguise,  
 Which fain would veil the danger from thine eyes,  
 And marked the changing hue, the anxious look,  
 That shunned the scrutiny it could not brook,  
 The sigh supprest, that swelled the beating heart,  
 And hurried step unwilling to depart ;  
 And when at last he went, the fervid grasp  
 That wrung thy hand in his impassioned clasp,  
 The averted face that studiously concealed  
 The pangs a parting look had else revealed,

Struck to thy inmost heart with horror chill  
The gloomy presage of approaching ill.

Long as the straining eye could mark their way,  
Thy watchful gaze pursued the stern array ;  
Loudly the spirit-stirring music rang,  
With drum, and thrilling trump, and cymbal's clang,  
Proudly the silken banners waved on high,  
And polished arms flashed sparkling to the sky ;  
Stern valour glowed in every bounding breast,  
And Victory sat on every nodding crest.  
Thy bosom too the kindling scene inspired,  
And Glory's frenzied dreams one moment fired ;  
But when the distance snatched them from thy view,  
Returned thy former feelings sad and true.

When all the train was passed, and on the wind  
The distant music died away, the mind  
Desponding sunk beneath the oppressive load  
Of gloomy fears, and tears in silence flowed.  
When on the rocking air in thunder pealed  
The voice of battle from the distant field,  
On every blast thou heard'st thy lover's knell,  
And every echo told thee Henry fell ;  
Afresh at every shock thy sorrows burst,  
And still the last seemed deadlier than the first.  
When slow returning eve no tidings brought,  
Still darker grew each melancholy thought ;  
Fear swelled to agony, and wild suspense  
Seemed worse than all the pangs of tortured sense,  
And urged thee on, some certainty to know,  
Though but the certainty of hopeless woe.  
Here now thou wanderest where the brave have died,  
And earth yet reeks with slaughter's crimson tide ;

Though every quivering nerve with anguish keen  
 Within thee shudders at the dreadful scene.  
 Thy trembling foot oft strikes some face, that now  
 Heeds not the unmeant blow; why then shouldst thou  
 And yet thou trembling start'st, as if the dead  
 With angry eye reproved thy careless tread.

Led by his feeble moan thou now hast found,  
 Where thickest lie the mangled slain around,  
 Thy dying lover, just to hear the sigh,  
 The last that heaves his breast, and see him die.

One recognising glance he gave, a smile,  
 Mournful and sad, played round his mouth the while,  
 One feeble effort made thy name to speak;  
 Died on his lips the unfinished accents weak,  
 And life and love together fled, and left  
 Thy widowed heart of joy and hope bereft.

When the stern despot, whose imperial law  
 Held Europe's subjugated realms in awe,  
 With burning thirst of conquest fired, led forth  
 His veteran squadrons to subdue the north;  
 When back recoiled upon himself the blow,  
 That madly aimed at Russia's overthrow,  
 What scenes of ruin rose around his path!  
 How widely swept the hurricane of wrath!  
 Then woke the anger of offended God,  
 Then slumbering Vengeance raised her iron rod,  
 Crushed the proud leader in his impious boast,  
 And smote and scattered all his mighty host.  
 His eagles long with towering wing had flown  
 O'er many a trampled realm and crumbled throne;  
 Long had the crimson wing of conquest fanned\*

\* "Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing."—Gray.

His banners spread o'er many a wasted land ;  
 And long with baleful meteor beam had played  
 The light of victory on his ruthless blade ;  
 Till his proud soul with impious boasting swelled  
 Nature and Justice in defiance held !  
 He called his countless bands, to conquest trained,  
 To brave the clime where howling winter reigned ;  
 Proud of their fame, to danger long inured,  
 Thronging they came, by greedy lust allured.  
 From regions watered by the swelling Po  
 To where the Danube's rapid torrents flow ;  
 From Tiber's banks, where grandeur finds a home  
 Amid the ruins of majestic Rome ;  
 From Tajo's golden stream and sunny bowers,  
 To Poland's barren plains and subject towers ;  
 From the warm shores the midland waters lave,  
 To those where breaks the Atlantic's swelling wave,  
 The legions came ; and half the christian world  
 The flag of slaughter to the winds unfurled.  
 Ruin before them rolled its fiery tide  
 O'er burning towns and fields with carnage died ;  
 Famine and Death behind their mad career  
 Hung o'er the corse-strewed plain and desert drear.  
 Onward they marched, till Moscow's regal halls  
 Received them victors in their lonely walls ;  
 Then Vengeance started from her long repose,  
 And bade their triumphs find a dreadful close ;  
 High in her hand a burning torch she raised,  
 And bright and broad the princely city blazed.  
 Through night's dun gloom red gleamed the spread-  
   ing fires  
 O'er columned palaces and gilded spires ;

Around the invader's steps the embers glowed,  
 Their features stern and fierce the firelight showed ;  
 Their savage deeds belied the name of man,  
 And fiend-like fierceness through their actions ran.  
 Vain were the tears of youth, the pleas of age,  
 Opposed to brutal force and heartless rage.  
 They slew the father on his threshold floor,  
 From mothers' arms the shrieking maidens tore ;  
 The houseless wanderer stript, the bending form  
 Of age turned naked to the pelting storm ;  
 O'er consecrated shrines unheeding trod,  
 And stained with blood the altars of their God.

Hapless Paulowna ! who thy woes can hear  
 With eyes unmoistened by a pitying tear !  
 Bright rose thy nuptial morn, and at thy side  
 Thy lover stood, to claim thee as his bride.  
 Timid yet pleased thou gav'st thy trembling hand  
 To twine with his the sacred marriage band,  
 With downcast eyes, and modest, gentle grace,  
 While virgin blushes mantled o'er thy face.  
 Already was begun the sacred rite,  
 When burst the thunder of approaching fight,  
 And bade the bridegroom leave his plighted wife  
 For danger's bloody field, and deadly strife.

The rites were broken off, the tender hand  
 Sadly relinquished for the battle brand ;  
 The warriors hastened at their country's call  
 For her to combat, and for her to fall.\*

Swift from the city fled the timorous throng,  
 Borne by the current of their fears along.  
 Amid the tumult from thy kindred torn,

\* For her to combat and with her to die.—*Campbell*.



By rushing thousands far asunder borne,  
 Vainly thy shrieks, Paulowna, rent the air  
 In all the frantic wildness of despair ;  
 The stranger crowd pressed on with ceaseless speed  
 Too anxious for themselves thy cries to heed,  
 Their thoughts were centered in their woes alone,  
 They felt no fears nor sorrows but their own.  
 Wearied at last with efforts vainly tried,  
 When strength and courage in thy heart had died,  
 One last remaining hope thy footsteps led  
 To seek a refuge midst the mighty dead,  
 Where stood the tombs of Russia's royal line  
 In holy Michael's consecrated shrine,  
 To find a shelter midst the solemn gloom,  
 That coldly slumbered o'er the silent tomb.  
 Delusive hope ! no place could hold in awe  
 The fierce contemners of each holy law ;  
 With sacrilegious feet they trod the place,  
 And tore thee shrieking from the altar's base.  
 Although in tears, thy beauty yet could move  
 Their lustful leader with unhallowed love ;  
 Ill fated charms ! the cause of endless shame,  
 Of bitter tears, and woes without a name.  
 With specious tenderness he soothed thy grief,  
 Deceived thy hopes with prospects of relief,  
 Tried each accursed art thy soul to bend,  
 And gain by treachery his cruel end ;  
 Successful but too soon ; an evil hour  
 Betrayed thy virtue to a villain's power.  
 Nor didst thou know thy shame, till on thee broke  
 The fatal tidings like the thunder's stroke ;  
 When, callous to thy woe, he told his vows

In wedlock plighted to a distant spouse,  
 Cast thee away, a vile and worthless thing,  
 To feel of ruined fame the goading sting,  
 O'er frozen wastes in wretchedness to roam  
 Dishonoured, friendless, left without a home.

On Moscow's smoking ruins black and bare,  
 The dreary haunt of famine and despair,  
 Napoleon staid with mad presumptuous pride,  
 That ne'er had known the ebb of Fortune's tide,  
 Till foiled and crushed was every haughty scheme,  
 And ruin roused him from his frantic dream.  
 With hasty steps he turned, then taught to fear,  
 And Vengeance followed swiftly in his rear.  
 The scene that then began, no pen can reach,  
 No tongue one half its deadly horrors teach ;  
 Famine and cold their mightiest powers combined,  
 And never glutted slaughter trod behind.  
 Benumbed with cold, or faint for want of bread,  
 Together lay the dying and the dead ;  
 The sabre's edge was bathed in hostile gore,  
 Till, tired of murder, it could smite no more.  
 Thousands on thousands fell, as o'er them passed  
 The whirling snows, before the tempest's blast ;  
 Loaded with death the icy gale swept by,  
 And froze the eye's last tear, the heart's last sigh.  
 Fell was the shriek that maddening legions gave  
 By Wop's steep bank and Beresina's wave,  
 When swift retreat by fear to flight was turned,  
 And lawless terror all obedience spurned.  
 In eager haste to gain the narrow pass,  
 With dire confusion pressed the mingled mass ;  
 O'er weak and wounded comrades heedless rushed,

And fallen and fainting friends unpitying crushed ;  
Or, in vain hope to reach the safer shore,  
Plunged in the chilling stream,—to rise no more.  
The corse-choked stream could scarcely find a way  
Amid the ruins of that dreadful day ;  
Vain the attempt their losses to recount,  
Or sum of wasted lives the vast amount.  
From Moscow's walls to Niemen's banks, the slain  
Filled every vale, were piled on every plain ;  
A flood of fire along their pathway flowed,  
And red in embers every city glowed,  
A burning sepulchre, where human bones  
Lay 'neath the crumbled walls and fire-scorched stones.  
Long shall the realms of Europe mourn in woe  
For those who perished in that overthrow ;  
Long on that man the curse of grief shall fall,  
Whose mad ambition was the cause of all ;  
Long shall the widow's tears and orphan's cry  
Ascend before his righteous Judge on high,  
To be remembered when the final doom  
Shall burst the unhallowed slumbers of his tomb.

END OF PART SECOND.

## Part Third.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Rapid perversion of the mind to crime from small beginnings, compared to the torrents formed by the dissolving of snow in the spring. Purity of the mind in infancy. It grows familiar with depravity with increasing years. Attila, Timur, and Buonaparte, monsters formed by war. Repugnancy of our nature to deeds like theirs. The sufferings occasioned by war not to be compared with the guilt. Persecution of the Cameronians in Scotland. Grahame. Indian warfare. Employed by the British in the American Revolution. War upon the ocean. Bucaniering. Crime committed with impunity during war. Conclusion.*

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When, on the hills where wintry winds have blown  
Fraught with the rigours of the Polar zone,  
Where drifted snows lie piled in rude array,  
And frozen cliffs obstruct the wanderer's way,  
The southern gale with warm and softening breath  
Unbinds the torrents chained in ice beneath ;  
First slowly trickling to the stream below,  
The eye scarce marks their progress as they flow ;  
But gathering still a fresh increasing strength,  
They sweep in thunder down the vale at length,  
A rapid, foaming tide, whose headlong sway  
No force can conquer, and no barrier stay.

Such is the mind of man ; as prone to ill,  
As gushing founts to leave their native hill.

Thus from the earliest dates of storied time  
 Has onward swept the swelling flood of crime,  
 Small at its source, but, as it rolled along,  
 More broad its stream, its current doubly strong ;  
 'Till nations boast of what should be their shame,  
 And hail as gems the blots that stain their fame.

Who has not marked upon his mother's breast  
 The smiling infant, lulled to balmy rest,  
 Or, if awake, with sweetly sportive glee  
 In artless frolic on his father's knee,  
 All innocence and love, untaught to feel  
 The sterner thoughts that after years reveal.  
 When, passed a little time, the scene of life  
 Sees him engaged amid its busy strife,  
 Changed like the strengthened lines of form and face,  
 The altered features of the mind we trace,  
 Where Passion's hand her burning seal has pressed,  
 And stamped the character by deeds confessed.  
 Allured by wealth, by fancied glory's light,  
 (The wandering meteor of a stormy night,)  
 Led by Ambition mounting still on high,  
 Or dark Revenge with red and restless eye,  
 He spurns the chains his soaring thoughts that bind,  
 And link him to his brethren of mankind.  
 Let but his hopes succeed, he heeds not all  
 The sighs that murmur, or the tears that fall,  
 Though round his path sad lamentation wait,  
 Like Rachel's weeping for her children's fate.  
 Search the dark records traced on History's page,  
 Where live the crimes of many a former age,  
 While Time has torn that garland from the brow,  
 That veiled its foul deformity till now.

How many chiefs on conquest's crimson flood  
 Have swum to empire, through a tide of blood !  
 How many kings have raised the sceptred hand  
 With worse than Egypt's plagues to vex the land,  
 O'er fertile realms have bid their banners wave,  
 And left behind, a desert, and a grave !  
 Yet these fell chiefs, the tigers of mankind,  
 To pity deaf, to sights of horror blind,  
 Within whose hearts, a sacred place of rest,  
 The dove of mercy built no hallowed nest ;  
 These once, in infancy, devoid of guile  
 Slept in the sunshine of affection's smile,  
 And woke from balmy slumber but to share  
 The fond endearments of parental care ;  
 The barbarous Attila, the chief, whom God  
 O'er guilty nations made his chastening rod ;  
 The Tartar lord, whose wild and countless horde  
 Swept India's fertile realms with fire and sword,  
 The daring soldier cursed with wide renown,  
 Who decked his brows with Gaul's imperial crown,  
 Like the young tiger, to whose lips the taste  
 Has never come of slaughter's fell repast,  
 With thoughts unstained by crime, in sportive play  
 Passed the first years of guilty life away.  
 But still, as time on stayless pinions flew,  
 The mind corrupt assumed a darker hue,  
 Still stronger grew each fiery passion's force,  
 And weaker still each feeling of remorse ;  
 Till manhood found them fierce and uncontrolled,  
 Insatiate demons in a human mould,  
 Scourges of man, dark wasters of the earth,  
 And curses of the realms that gave them birth.

Yet these were thine, O War ! thy offspring dear,  
 Hailed as thy sons by many a widow's tear,  
 By many a father's curse and orphan's moan ;  
 From thee they sprung, to thee belong alone.  
 Their youthful hearts were taught with pride to swell,  
 When valour's praise was breathed from Music's shell ;  
 Their youthful eyes to glisten, when was told  
 The high achievements of some warrior bold ;  
 These, like the air that fans the chance-dropped fire,  
 And wakes its weakness to destructive ire,  
 Roused in their breasts that fierce consuming flame,  
 The fatal ardour for a conqueror's fame.  
 How many cities for their glory blazed !  
 How many altars at thy shrine they raised !  
 The fields of strife, where human victims died  
 In countless thousands, to augment their pride.

The soul with horror sickens at the view  
 Of scenes so dreadful, but alas ! too true ;  
 Fain would it hope them but the frenzied theme  
 Of morbid fancy, or a madman's dream.  
 But no ! let ravaged Asia's woes proclaim  
 Fierce Timur's prowess and eternal shame ;  
 Let Rome's dominions tell the blasted path,  
 Where rushed the Hun in his infuriate wrath,  
 The blighted herbage, and the withered sod,  
 All black and bare where'er his footsteps trod.  
 Let Europe tell of later deeds the tale,  
 While in our ears yet rings the sufferer's wail.  
 War ! direful curse ! whose pestilential breath  
 Fills earth's fair scenes with ruin and with death,  
 Though all the haunts of bliss have felt thy power  
 To crush the happiness of life's short hour,

Though every woe the human heart can feel  
 Has lent its bitter poison to thy steel,  
 Thy deadliest power upon the mind is shed  
 To taint the streams by which the soul is fed,  
 The moral fount, whose sparkling waters play  
 Along life's narrow path and cheering way,  
 That leads the pilgrim to his last abode,  
 The seat of bliss, the footstool of his God.  
 What are the woes that rack this earthly form,  
 Though life's brief day were one unbroken storm,  
 To the undying worm, the unquenched fire,  
 The offended Deity's consuming ire,  
 That wait on guilt with retribution just,  
 When to the earth returns its kindred dust ;  
 When, deep with slaughter stained, the soul shall wait,  
 A trembling fugitive, at Heaven's high gate ;  
 When from the crumbling earth's expanded womb  
 Shall rise the tenants of the crowded tomb,  
 And those who fell in war's unhallowed strife,  
 Demand the forfeit of their wasted life.  
 Tremendous thought ! who then would bear the fame  
 Of Alexander's noted deathless name,  
 Who then would wear the diadem that bound  
 Napoleon's temple in its glittering round,  
 And bear alike their doom, the stern decree  
 Of punishment that must hereafter be ?  
 Who would not rather then, have been on earth  
 The humblest peasant of ignoble birth  
 And life unknown to fame, whose fleeting span  
 In quiet ended as it first began,  
 Than he who wore on earth a conqueror's crown  
 And bade the nations tremble at his frown ?



Scotland, thy rugged hills have often seen  
 The stains of murder on their dusky green ;  
 There oft, amid the desert's solitude,  
 Rung the loud cries of combat wild and rude,  
 When the fell hunters of the human prey  
 Tracked through the pathless wilds their victim's way.  
 When the licentious soldier, trained to wield  
 The murderous weapons of the battle field,  
 His kindred race commissioned to destroy,  
 Rushed on the zealot few with frantic joy ;  
 The pealing volley told the captive's doom,  
 His only resting place was in the tomb.  
 Long was their leader's name remembered well  
 Among the peasants of thy rugged dell,  
 The fiery Grahame, whose fierce, vindictive hate  
 Swept their recesses like the blast of fate,  
 Cruel and stern, remorseless as the sword  
 That at his bidding cleft life's silver cord.  
 Though the fine painter, whose enchanting art  
 Has sketched the inmost secrets of the heart,  
 In the rich tale, that tells of Bothwell's fight,  
 Has drawn his portrait in too fair a light,  
 Shed o'er his features chivalry's bright hue,  
 That screens their darkness from the dazzled view,  
 Well has he traced from innocence to guilt  
 The warrior hardened by the blood he spilt ;  
 Who fain had crushed of life the opening flower,  
 When youthful Morton stood within his power,  
 In morning prime the springing plant laid low,  
 Ere it had felt the noon of manhood's glow ;  
 Yet his own lips the mournful truth confessed,  
 That once far gentler feelings ruled his breast,

'That once his heart could feel for those that bled,  
 And shrunk from scenes of death with native dread,  
 But, callous grown amid the battle's roar,  
 At Murder's banquet now it throbbed no more ;  
 Unmoved he saw upon the cultured soil  
 The limbs that fertilize it with their toil,  
 Held worthless, as the earth on which they trod,  
 The peasant race that tilled the stubborn sod,  
 And, like a muddy draught, could cast away  
 The worthless blood that warmed their sordid clay.  
 Deem it not fiction ; though the writer's skill  
 Bestowed the thoughts and feelings at his will,  
 Truth still pervades them all, her beams divine  
 Through all the artist's varied colours shine.  
 'Tis thus that Nature speaks ; by Genius taught  
 To search the mazy labyrinths of thought,  
 To mark the changes rising on the mind,  
 And trace their progress as they onward wind,  
 The writer's powers do but their course display,  
 And drag their darkness to the light of day.

Where the wild Indian prowled on Erie's shore  
 Or heard Niagara's falling waters roar ;  
 Where Mississippi rolls his mighty tide,  
 Father of waters, in majestic pride,  
 How often have the forest echoes rung  
 To the wild warhoop from the warrior's tongue.  
 In night's still, lonely hour, when sleep had spread  
 Her poppied mantle o'er the white man's head,  
 Around his cabin burst their horrid cries,  
 And chased the slumbers of his weary eyes.  
 Bright o'er his little home, to flames consigned,  
 Rolled the fierce blaze upon the midnight wind ;

His infant from his cradle sleep awoke  
 To feel the tomahawk's descending stroke ;  
 His wife sunk bleeding at her husband's side ;  
 The aged grandsire on his hearthstone died ;  
 The sad survivor, forced awhile to bear  
 The load of life, the anguish of despair,  
 The utter hopelessness, whose dreadful gloom  
 Disparted only at the burning tomb,  
 Was led away to prove their savage skill  
 With writhing nature's utmost pangs to kill,  
 To make the victim feel in life's last hour  
 O'er the frail flesh pain's agonizing power,  
 Extremest torture's racking force to try,  
 And feel in dying what it is to die.

Spirit of Mercy ! whose far wandering voice  
 Has bid the ocean's farthest isles rejoice,  
 And sent thy heralds o'er the rolling waves,  
 Amidst Idolatry's benighted slaves  
 To preach that gospel, in whose holy strain  
 Peace, Love, and Charity forever reign ;  
 Oh ! can it be, that deeds like these have found  
 A voice of sanction upon christian ground !  
 That where the Sun of Mercy's beams have glowed,  
 And limpid streams of christian knowledge flowed,  
 War's hateful use should so corrupt the heart,  
 Destroy the feelings, man's more noble part,  
 That he should wish against his fellow men  
 To rouse the savage from his gloomy den !  
 Oh Britain ! throned amidst the rolling sea,  
 Whose proudest boast is that thy sons are free,  
 That on thy shore each wandering wretch may find,  
 Safe from the tumults that convulse mankind,

A place of rest ; that Justice rules thy land,  
 And Truth and Mercy at her footstool stand ;  
 Oh ! thou hast heard within thy princely halls,  
 Within thy senate's consecrated walls,  
 The impious voice, that on the western world  
 The fiery brands of Indian vengeance hurled.  
 Then thy stern statesmen reared oppression's mace,  
 To crush with war's strong hand their kindred race ;  
 Roused the red warriors from their woodland glades,  
 From the dark forest's deep and tangled shades,  
 With every horror savage war could bring,  
 Fell as the crouching cougar's fatal spring,  
 To rush upon the homes where brethren dwelt,  
 Where christians to their God in worship knelt,  
 To kill and burn, to plunder and destroy,  
 And leave in ruins what they found in joy ;  
 Men too were found who boldly dared to plead  
 In day's broad light in sanction of the deed,  
 With impious breath to use their Maker's name,  
 And call on God to justify their shame.  
 Vainly opposed the tongue of Chatham spoke,  
 And from his lips indignant thunders broke ;  
 'Twas done. O Britain ! on thy name a blot  
 That day was cast, a dark and dreadful spot,  
 And rolling ages shall essay in vain  
 To bleach thy glory from the crimson stain.

Yet not with anger does our memory dwell  
 Upon thy fault, nor do we joy to tell ;  
 We too have sinned, and conscious of our shame,  
 Dare not the guilt as thine alone to blame ;  
 But sorrowing for ourselves, and in our breast  
 Bearing thy many nobler deeds imprest,

Fain would we treat it as "the good man's sin,  
Weep to record and blush to give it in."\*

Where darkly swelling on the deep blue seas  
The billows roll beneath the favouring breeze,  
Proudest of all the works that man has framed,  
Though every element his art has tamed,  
See the tall ship, with wings extended wide,  
Cleave her swift way through ocean's pathless tide,  
Slant from the breeze her towering masts, that brave  
The sweep of winds, the tossings of the wave ;  
White round her prow the meeting waters break,  
And silver foam floats eddying in her wake.  
Oh wondrous power of man ! that thus can sway  
The boisterous winds, and make the seas obey ;  
Pass the dread barrier spread by Nature's hand  
To fix the wanderer in his native land,  
And swift as winds can bear, from pole to pole  
A passage find, where'er the billows roll.

Could but the ocean's viewless caves reveal  
The secrets their unfathomed depths conceal,  
Could but to earth those forms return again,  
Whose bones lie heaped beneath the darksome main,  
Recount their deeds, their sufferings relate,  
How on each bosom fell the shaft of fate ;  
Fierce though the tempests o'er the ocean rave,  
And plunge the seaman in a watery grave,  
Though often dashing on the rugged rock  
The shattered vessel sinks beneath the shock,  
Or through the loosened joinings of her sides  
Silent and swiftly flow the fatal tides ;  
Though dark Infection o'er the waves has hung,

\* Campbell.

And deadly poison from his pinions flung ;  
 Yet on the ocean, as on land, has man  
 Still been the deadliest enemy of man,  
 Hurled o'er the waves the thunders of the fight,  
 And broke with battle's flash their gloomy night,  
 In one short hour polluted ocean more  
 With mangled dead, than these for years before.  
 The winds of heaven his ministers are made,  
 The vengeful fury of his hate to aid ;  
 His white-winged vessels o'er the deep have flown,  
 From the parched tropic to the polar zone,  
 And every sea has trembled, as the blast  
 Wafting the voice of battle o'er it past.

Amid the isles with waving verdure drest,  
 That gem the azure waters of the west,  
 The Carib's seats, ere wealth allured from far  
 The sons of Rapine, Avarice, and War,  
 Like meteor portent of disastrous hue  
 The pirates' blood-red flag in triumph flew.  
 For years their barks, the lawless strife to urge,  
 Prowled round the shores, or swept the heaving surge ;  
 Their desperate crews, of many a distant clime  
 Abandoned outcasts, stained with every crime,  
 Rushed on the mariner then taught to know,  
 When but too late, the danger of a foe ;  
 Reft the rich freight his peaceful vessel bore,  
 And slew the owner for his golden store ;  
 Or from their barks descending, when the shade  
 Of starless midnight lent her favouring aid,  
 On some fair town with ravening fury fell,  
 And did the work of ruin but too well ;  
 Gave its fair roofs to feed the wasting fire,  
 Its sleeping inmates to the sabre's ire,

And, tired with plunder, sought their barks again  
 Ere morning's light had dawned upon the main.  
 Yet Britain's cross, wide floating on the air,  
 First showed the path to wealth and rapine there.

Eternal Justice, found with God alone  
 Mid the dark brightness that surrounds his throne,  
 His attribute who was ere time began  
 And rolling worlds in circling orbits ran,  
 Who shall endure, when time shall be no more,  
 And worlds in chaos lost as erst before ;  
 How hast thou seen amid the daring race,  
 That on earth's surface dwell an instant's space,  
 Thy laws contemned by those, whose feeble breath,  
 A moment drawn, expires as soon in death ;  
 Hast seen them for the glories earth bestows,  
 Too dearly purchased by another's woes,  
 Spurn all their Maker's laws, his power defy.  
 And mar his fairest works beneath the sky.  
 Thy glittering sword its terrors rears in vain  
 When lawless discord wakes the embattled plain ;  
 Its edge is blunted, and thy feeble hand  
 But holds with powerless grasp an useless brand ;  
 The shield of war protects the forfeit head,  
 And sanctions every crime and outrage dread.  
 Yet thou shalt triumph. When the trump shall pour  
 Its awful summons shaking every shore,  
 When startled elements shall shuddering hear  
 The fearful sound of dissolution near,  
 The Archangelic voice, that snaps the chain,  
 Whose viewless links the rolling earth contain,  
 Bids the deep grave to render up its trust,  
 And calls the sleepers once again from dust ;  
 Then shall the crimes, o'er which Oblivion long

Spread her dark shades that veiled the unpunished  
wrong,

Before thee rise, and, in thy balance weighed,  
The meed that vengeance owes to guilt be paid.  
Then shall thy sword resume its awful power,  
O God! be merciful in that dread hour!  
Though they deserve not, stay thy holy wrath,  
Nor quite consume them in its burning path.

O dove-eyed Peace! though thankless man has cast  
Thy gentle blessings to the stormy blast,  
Though, ignorant of bliss, has rudely torn  
The olive garland on thy temples worn,  
Though transient all thy visits here have been,  
Far sundered, like the little isles of green,  
That mid Zahara's burning deserts placed  
Smile bright and lovely o'er the sandy waste;  
Fly not from earth, now thy reviving smile  
Has cheered its wasted realms a little while;  
Harmonious send through distant lands thy voice,  
And bid the harassed tribes of man rejoice.  
Soon may the time arrive, when wars shall cease,  
And human rancour rest at last in peace;  
When the mild doctrines taught by him who died  
An unresisting sacrifice to pride,  
When darkened Heaven and rocking earth confessed  
The parting agony that swelled his breast,  
Shall rule the wayward spirit, and control  
The fiery passions of the human soul;  
When Justice, Love and Mercy shall illumine  
Man's passage from the cradle to the tomb,  
And death shall bid the guiltless spirit fly  
To realms of endless peace and love on high.

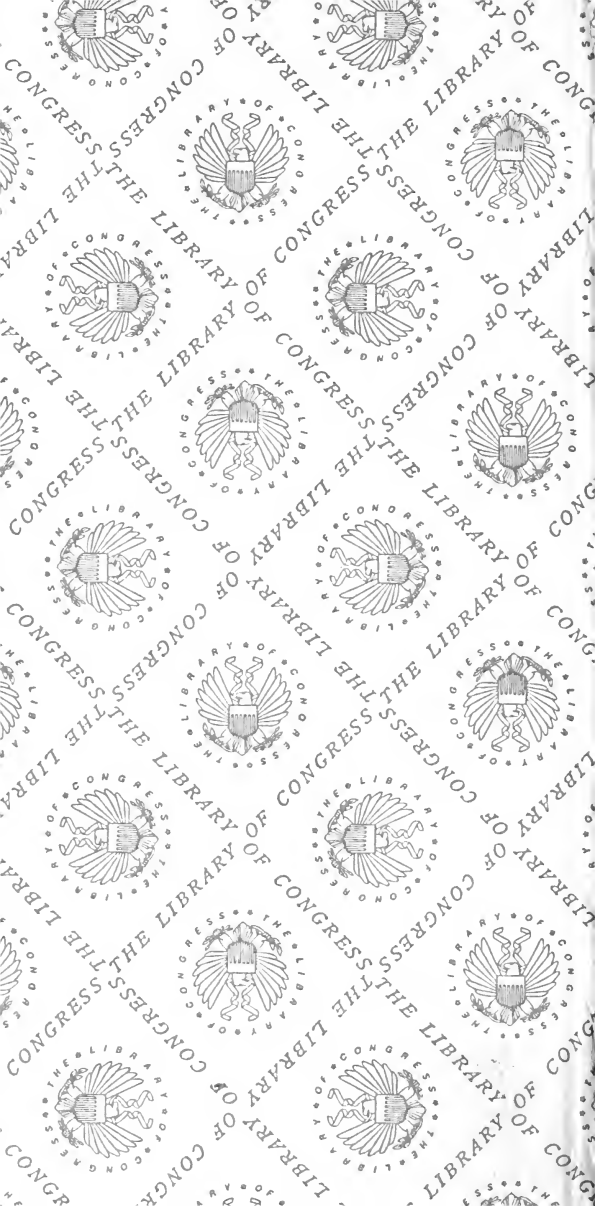
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